

Samm Burkholder

Hog Creek Review



Rebirth

It comes again, it comes again
the dreaded midnight,
black as obsidian glass, and you
like the monster that hid under my bed.

In my bed, in my head

I see the flashes,

Bright as a pirate's hook,

Of memories that

Slowly...

Fade....

To the heart-thundering nightmares where the

Raven's scream is music to the Devil's ears,

and the supple, smooth flesh is peeled

apart to reveal the

still

beating

heart that is soon ravished by hands.

Ghoulish hands, with tainted claws that rip, rip rip

And the blood, red blood, dark blood...my blood
it drips...

drips...

drips...

Down my shaking arms, strained neck, sallow face
and I crawl out of the shallow grave.

The earth crumbles as I claw
with burning lungs starving like a shrew,
and gasping for breath,
the acrid air fills them as out of the ground

I am resurrected
into the dark abyss...

Straight into you,
and your personal circle of Hell.

My Hell.

A purgatory that I
am chained to with double-casted irons,
manacles that chafe until my wrists reveal
the ivory beneath.

I am bound,
even though the flames lick at

My feet

My vermillion stained fingers.

I do not burn

as I become one with these
insidious pains,
corrupted beyond all humility
and belief
from the thirty-nine lashes taken to bared skin.
So hot and sudden that my back
split,
and from the shell a new demon arose.
As the daughter of Lilith,
no one opposed.
No man.
No woman.
No angel.
No soul.
Could hide from the winding, corrupt path,
or survive the burn of Lucifer's wrath.